

Babysit the Babysitter by EchoingSquealz

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Dungeons & Dragons Campaign, F/M, Fluff, One Shot, babysitter reader

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Lucas Sinclair, Mike Wheeler, Reader, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Steve Harrington/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-06-07

Updated: 2021-06-07

Packaged: 2022-03-31 15:02:02

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,838

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Babysitting was Y/n's part time job. To her surprise, the school's prized heart-throb is basically a full time mom.

Babysit the Babysitter

Hawkins, Indiana. My newfound home.

I've been here for two months. Two glorious months of blending into the crowds and trying to not become the target of social ridicule. In that aspect, nothing has changed from my former hometown on the southern tip of the state. No matter where you go, peers are jerks.

I clamber into my house, hanging my backpack on the edge of the kitchen chair. "I've got you a job." Mom says while stirring something sizzling on the stove.

My brow raises curiously. "A job? What kind of job?" I linger over to the fridge and open it to browse its empty shelves as a distraction. Finding work has been a source of stress for me, especially in a small town like Hawkins where everyone knows everyone.

Mom smiles reassuringly, setting the food to simmer. She walks over to me, closing the fridge so I will look at her. "It's a babysitting job for the Wheeler's. I know how much you like kids, so I thought it was the perfect opportunity! Holly is around four and their son, Mike, is thirteen."

It's true, I do love kids... However, thirteen is a difficult age between I-don't-need-a-babysitter and I-will-set-the-house-on-fire-if-I'm-not-watched. That's the only thing that gives me a millisecond of hesitation. I smile at my mom, her expression mirroring mine.

"When's my first shift?"

So, Friday after school, I drive over to the Wheeler residence to meet with the parents before they went off to have a 'date night'. Holly was your typical four year old, playing with her toys on the living room carpet. Mike, on the other hand, was less than thrilled at the thought of my company.

"Mom, I don't need a babysitter! This is ridiculous!" He cries as Mrs.

Wheeler slides in a pair of earrings. "Will, Dustin and Lucas are supposed to be coming over to finish our campaign!"

"And you can finish your game just fine while Y/n is here. Nancy is out with Jonathan and we need someone here to put Holly to bed. I'm sorry, Michael, but you're just going to have to deal with it." Mrs. Wheeler finishes as she slips her heel into a pair of pumps.

"Dad, you can't be serious?" Mike asks incredulously. My presence, standing like a statue in the middle of their house, seemed uncomfortable. I wanted to vanish from the throws of this disagreement between parents and child.

Mr. Wheeler was a very monotone man. Without much of a glance at his son, he said, "Listen to your mother." He slipped on his coat, patted Michael's head and followed his wife out with a definitive shut of the door.

Mike groaned loudly and he was obviously aggravated.

I drop my things beside the door and decide to check on Holly while I let Mike simmer down. She smiles at me, not finding me too intrusive, and continues to play with her dollies. Mrs. Wheeler said she ordered pizza and left the money on the counter.

Mike stands in the doorway, eyeing me wearily. "So... what kind of campaign are you having?" I ask, trying to break my way past his defense. He looks unimpressed with my efforts but answers anyway.

"It's for D&D. I've been working on it for weeks and everything has to be perfect-" He's getting antsy about it and I can tell that he's afraid it'll be disappointing.

"Dungeons and Dragons...Got it. It'll be perfect, I'm sure. How about you go on down and set up? I'll bring the pizza when it arrives." Mike furrows his brows at me. "Listen, I get it. You're too old for a babysitter. I'll respect that, but you gotta cut me some slack. Deal?"

Something shifts and I can sense that I've made quite the impression. "Fine, deal." He agrees. I sigh in relief and he spares no time in going downstairs to prepare. At least I'll only have to really focus on Holly

until her bedtime.

A few hours later, Holly was tucked in and knocked out in slumber. The boys downstairs kept to themselves and didn't budge character even when I came sloping down the stairs with pizza boxes. Though, they did take the liberty of introducing themselves to me briefly.

Now that I had free time, I ventured back down into their lair with the intention to clean up whatever mess they've made during their game. Four boys sat around a fold-up table with junk food wrappers and crushed soda cans littering the area around them. All of them looked very high on sugar.

The bottom step creaked underneath my feet and all of their eyes turned up at me. "Don't stop on my account! I'm just gonna pick up the trash so your parents don't kill me." I say, holding up the trash bin I've dragged along with me.

Mike shrugs nonchalantly and continues to describe the scene they all just rolled into. I can feel the hesitation to launch into full-blown roll playing while I'm walking in such near proximity. Hurrying my clean up, I try to make as little noise as possible as I crouch over to scoop the evidence of their escapades from sight. There must have been some sort of acceptance of me since they all begin to scream in horror, roaring with accents and acting out their advancements as they roll their dice.

My lips pull up into a smile at their excitement. All of them are out of their seats, focused on the board in front of them as Dustin rolls for dexterity. I don't see the number in which it landed but the hollers mixed with 'yes!'s lead me to believe it was exactly what they needed.

Suddenly, the door behind them slams open and Steve Harrington prances through looking stern. "You guy's said you would be done at nine! I've been waiting outside for thirty minutes you shi-"

His eyes land on me as the boys lower themselves into their seats. I can't imagine the expression I'm wearing. Shock? Confusion?

Interest? Either way, I just saw golden-boy-heart-throb Steve freaking Harrington go into full mom mode.

Dustin speaks up, "I'm sorry, Steve. We didn't know it would take this long! We are almost finished, if you could just-" His words are cut off by Holly's voice roaming the living room. She must have been woken up by the commotion.

Looking sheepish, I silently excuse myself, though all eyes watch me ascend, to go take care of the disturbed four year old. Holly looks pitiful with a blanket draped over her shoulder and a pout tugging at her lip.

Picking her up, I stroll back up to her room. Her head flops onto my shoulder, still very exhausted and obviously troubled at being stolen from her precious rest. It takes almost no time to get her to settle back into her mattress with a sigh. My fingers brush her golden strands away from her mouth and I see her become heavy as she goes under. I close the door, only leaving it open a crack, behind me. Hopefully it'll be enough to buffer out the sound of the boys downstairs.

Assuming the boys would have dispersed after the arrival of Steve, I'm quite surprised to see them all continuing their game as if nothing happened. Even more so when I notice they've convinced the brown hair senior to participate.

At the grounds of Hawkins High School, I've seen Steve around. Rumor has it that he had changed quite a bit from last year, though it's inconclusive as to why. Steve was a popular. He had girls chasing after him, he was athletic and fell underneath another high school cliché. That's all that I knew about him.

Yet, here he stands in front of me. Purple pointed hat and matching robes clothe him as a poor excuse for a wizard. He recites some line Mike had written out for him with thinly veiled irritation, though he does put a bit of effort forward to sound mighty.

Will and Lucas join up to strike him down, their combined skills making for an epic conclusion to their campaign. Seeming as if Steve almost gets into it, he falls to his knees, hands grasping his chest as

he curses them. With a dramatic cough he falls flat on his back, tongue lolling out of the corner of his mouth- dead.

The boys laugh and I join in, covering my mouth in a weak attempt to hide my amusement. My burst of giggles must contrast very differently because it immediately makes Steve's eyes open and him hop up, shedding the ridiculous getup. "Nicely done, boys! Mike, your parents should be home soon. Do you need help cleaning up?" I ask.

Lucas waves me off. "Nah, we can put everything away."

"Thanks." Will adds.

Together, they start gathering up their things while discussing the events that took place on their way to a victorious game. I'm so focused on the boys that I forget Steve for a moment.

"Hi, I'm Steve. Harrington, that is." He introduces, holding out his hand for me to take. I accept it, smiling at him. Of course I know who he is, but I won't point that out. "You're that new girl that moved here a while back, right?"

Drawing my hand back to my side, I nod. "Yeah, a little over two months ago. I'm Y/n." Bending at the waist, I gather his wizard robes and playfully extend them toward him. "These are yours, I presume?"

"What? No-no, that-" He stops at my smile, realizing my attempt at banter. "Oh, ha-ha. You try saying no to these kids when they're hyped up on D&D and sugar!"

I laugh. "I'm sure I'll have to at some point. That is, if I can keep this as a regular babysitting job." I toss the robes into a basket setting on the couch. "I assume I'll be seeing you around here as well. Seems like you're...." I avoid calling Steve a 'mom' to his face, "close with them. I suppose I'll have to learn from you on how to gain their respect."

Steve laughs but he doesn't get a chance to respond. "Stop flirting with the babysitter, Steve. If we're out late again, we're toast." Dustin says, pushing the straps of his backpack over his shoulders. I instantly

flush at the words and Steve knocks the kid's hat down to obstruct his view.

"I'll see you around, Y/n." He calls, pushing Will, Dustin and Lucas out the door.

Shaking my head, I sigh lightly. Mike and I are left in the basement, standing in the quiet they left behind. My hand cups the back of my neck in an attempt to cool down the warmed skin there. "Thanks. For tonight, I mean. I guess you aren't so bad." Mike says, folding the table up.

I bite my lip to suppress my grin. Perhaps Hawkins won't be too bad after all.

Author's Note:

Thank you for all the love on my previous stories!
<3 Enjoy!